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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVI. CHICAGO, JANUARY 3, 1900. NUMBER 18

ALL HAIL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY! In it as yet abides God alone. He invites us forward. He calls us as his children. Let no man place his foot on the threshold of the untainted century, until he has pledged himself to honor and truth. Let him leave behind his greed, his meanness, his lust, and so go forth to follow the Divine beckoning, and make the world the home of the family of God. How it shines—the sun of hope! What grand things remain to be done! What mighty problems to be solved! What shall the human family become before the end of another hundred years? Oh God! that we might live to see the day when on the forehead of man shall shine the light of perfect salvation—when the divine word shall be pronounced *"Well done!"* to a world redeemed from selfishness.

E. P. POWELL.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

...THE...

Michigan Congress of Religion

Second Meeting

Co-operating with the National CONGRESS OF RELIGION, Benton Harbor, January 15, 16, 17, 1901.

THE INVITATION.

All under whose eyes this notice my fall, of any church or of no church, who are willing to come together for the study of the essentials of Religion as things of the Spirit and Purpose, rather than of Speculative Opinion: Things too great for dogmatic expression and too exalted for credal affirmation or denial:

All those who desire to see the world become better, and are willing to work together for this betterment are cordially invited to this meeting.

We would make it in the largest sense interdenominational; we mean to forget our differences that we may the better deliberate upon our common privileges and duties.

In the best possible way the meeting will be fraternal, not sectarian. We will erect no walls of separation not already existing. We will aim to ignore them all, while emphasizing the great commandment—Love to God and equal love to our fellows.

The congress is to be held in the Universalist Church on pleasant street.

Come, accept our hospitality and share this spiritual feast.

A. K. BEEM, Pastor.

Among the speakers announced are Rev. F. V. Hawley, Louisville, Kentucky, Caroline Bartlett Crane, Kalamazoo, J. Stitt Wilson and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago. For full program write to Rev. A. K. Beem, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

UNITY

VOLUME XLVI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1901. NUMBER 18

The suggestion that possibly some planet is undertaking to open up communication with the inhabitants of the earth is to say the least an audacious one. But it is worth while to note that the suggestion comes from a scientist and not a theologian and that the severest study of nature, according to the scientific method, provokes such large speculations and encourages such audacious hopes.

The Chicago dailies like those of other great cities, crowded the columns of their New Year's issues with the figures of material extension and commercial ascendancy. These are factors in the problem, but doubtless the century event represented by Chicago was the rebuilding of it not primarily by Chicago energy but by the humanitarian sympathies and the international vitality that played into the hands of the citizens of Chicago.

Harvard University in calling the Rev. W. W. Fenn to the chair of Systematic Theology in the Cambridge Divinity School, takes from the West another of its strong preachers and rising leaders of thought. Mr. Fenn enters upon an honorable succession. Dr. Everett has left a large place to fill, but Mr. Fenn carries to the task a vigorous brain trained by careful study and furnished by reflection and experience. He takes with him the well wishes of the West and confident expectation of a brilliant career on the part of many friends.

Was it grim joking or still more grim philosophy that inspired the words of Lord Salisbury to the Prince of Wales, after a banquet to the recently knighted Maxim, the American inventor of the automatic gun,—"I was just telling Mr. Maxim that he had prevented more men from dying from old age than any other man that ever lived." Ghastly as is this joke it is perhaps not so ghastly as the action of the woman, Queen of England, the mother, grandmother and great-grandmother of children, who at the close of the twentieth century, selects for special honor the man who has most successfully advanced the art of killing.

Is it not curious that we see so little concerning the close of the nineteenth century, now that the final days have actually come? A year ago the topic engrossed much space in current literature and in current thought and imagination. One would expect an increasing consciousness and awe of the event the nearer we approach it. Was it Lowell who confessed to feeling no emotion as he stood in the room where Shakespeare was born? The visit had to have perspective, either of the future or the past, to be impressive. When we talk to children born in the Twentieth Century, then the great Nineteenth will shine out with the glory and the pathos of something great forever gone! But after all, let us be glad that "Today's Today—not Yesterday!"

A Baptist brother is quoted as saying that "No church can hold its congregation unless it becomes a continuous vaudeville." Lectures, concerts, theatricals, fairs, something sensational and money making! A young minister once said to the writer: "This is a terrible revelation to me. I find that I am a mere racer, put on the track with other ministers. If I cannot outpreach and outdraw the others; I shall lose not only my audience, but my position. This is not the pastorate as I dreamed of it. I wanted to do good, to be a young brother of Jesus and give myself to saving men from sin. Now I shall only be either a big gun or a big failure." We say to him: Don't you sell out. Do what you see is right, and God will surely use you. This world is a great pastorate; "the field is the world."

We may be sure of one thing, that our twentieth century common schools will be industrial. We are going to stop educating boys and girls to know, and educate them to know how to do, and not to be ashamed of work. Lord Roseberv of England recently said in an address at Glasgow University: "The practical universities are the universities of the future. The question will be asked of the product of our educational system: 'Here is a young fellow of twenty-two; he has passed through the best years of acquisition and impression; he has cost much; what is his value? For what in the manifold achievements of the world is he fit?' The change in our school trend will be sharply biased away from making men good traders, and toward making them good creators, good producers, good soil-tillers, good home-builders."

Some startling figures have been given to the daily papers recently concerning the contribution of suffering and life sacrifice which has been made through the horse markets of the United States to the Boer war. An English agent is reported to have shipped fifty thousand head of horses and mules from Kansas City. Only the best animals are accepted. They have been shipped directly to Cape Town and other English African ports in British transports from New Orleans. The cost per head in Africa reaches about three hundred and sixty dollars and owing to the severe climatic changes six weeks is the average length of life of the animal after arriving, while thirty-two out of every thousand die on shipboard. About forty days of travel-agony measures the distance from Kansas City to South Africa. One hundred thousand head of horses and mules represent the total shipment from the United States, and still there is call for more. Let others rejoice over the commercial advantage to the breeders of horses and mules. We cannot but think of the mute

agony, the measureless suffering that war visits upon these harmless servants of man, our defenceless fellow beings.

On the second page will be found the call for the second Michigan Congress of Religion, to be held in co-operation with the National Congress and which is to convene January 15, 16 and 17. We go to press too soon to announce the details of the program for the second annual Mid-Continent Congress to be held in Chicago in the Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. A. Rondthaler, Pastor. Plans are maturing for the holding of this Congress to meet January 23 and 24. The program will be given to a study of the sociological interpretation of religion. It will include such topics as "The Growing Heritage of Faith," "The Ethical Dangers Attending the Transitional Period," "The Ethical Menace in Current Methods of Religious Training," "The Social Opportunity," "The Renaissance of Christianity," "The People's Right in Science, in Educational Institutions, in Municipal Government," etc. It is not expected that these congresses will draw large crowds or represent elaborate programs but past experience proves that every such a meeting means a local quickening, a disintegration of barriers and a strengthening of the bond of sympathy between workers and the clearing of the vision of the workers involved.

Edwin Markham may not be so great a poet as some of his admirers may think, indeed, the title of poet may be denied him by whosoever is willing to stake his reputation for sanity on so sweeping a statement. But the editorial note in a recent number of the CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD which says "No worm of misery ever hatched out a more piebald piece of eighteenth century cant and rant than the latest poem of the man with the poetic pull," is far more interpretative of the literary standards and critical penetration of this editorial writer than it is of Mr. Markham. There is something the matter with the nerves that are thrown into such convulsions as this by a poem that displays at least keen human sympathies, high hopes for the race and a consecrated desire for better things. Perhaps the world has more respect for these qualities however expressed than it has for the fattened complacency that is so distressed over literary "forms and figures." Whatever we may think of Markham's poems we know that Mr. Markham is a sincere seeker after the good, the true and the beautiful, in short, that he is a gentleman, and if the TIMES-HERALD expects its readers to have any respect for its literary judgment it must show itself respectful to these qualities wherever found.

Greeting to the New Century.

Finally it is here, and notwithstanding editorial, sermon and lecture it is hard to realize that much of anything has happened. However new the century may be it is the old world, the everyday life, the familiar task and unrelenting struggle. Calendars are man made. Time is an ordinance of God.

But it becomes us to be respectful to the calendar. To give heed to the measures of time is the only way by which we can become appreciative of time itself.

After the summaries, the retrospects and the prospects, UNITY picks up the weekly task and in the future as in the past it will ask for but one day's life at a time. UNITY's problems will present themselves once a week for the week, always glad of the privilege of testifying one week more. The century that has given us the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Anti-vivisection Societies, Associated Charities, Settlement Work in cities, Peace Congresses, the Parliament of Religions and its successors,—a slowly increasing brood,—has helped define the field in which UNITY seeks to be a humble worker. Our tasks are much clearer than they were twenty-three years ago when UNITY was groping for its life-work. It has taken more than two decades of adventure, experiment, disappointment and encouragement to find our work, and the few thousand readers who are ready to cooperate with us in this task of humanizing the creeds and making more godlike the deeds of men.

In the future as in the past it will be the business of UNITY to ameliorate dogmatism and when it can to eliminate, or failing in that, ignore as far as possible sectarian antagonisms and denominational rivalry except in so far as these rivalries make for peace and righteousness.

In these tasks UNITY is not a solitary laborer. What little uniqueness belonged to it at the beginning is largely dissipated. Where there was one witness then there are scores now. What seemed at that time to be almost the exclusive inspiration of one denomination or at least a little group of denominations that claimed the adjective "liberal," is now the inspiration of the younger elements in all the denominations and it will be the joy and inspiration of religious workers in the first quarter of the twentieth century to lead protestantism through the period of schism into unity and co-operation, to do our humble part in this work of unification, the work of making religion ethical and ethics co-operative, is the task to which UNITY is committed by its name and by its traditions, the purpose of its corps of writers and the task of the Congress of Religion whose cause it represents, whose work it will seek to further within and without its own lines of organization.

UNITY enters the twentieth century with a confidence that there is a work still for it to do. With this issue our readers will find the names of Henry M. Simmons and Joseph H. Crooker restored to their places among the editorial contributors. For a time the exigencies of their home work and other reasons kept their names off our list but never kept them off our list of fraternity workers and helpers. Mr. Simmons was editor-in-chief of UNITY during one volume and his name and word have always been welcome in our columns. At an early date we hope to print from his pen a notice of Henry C. Morris' two volume History of Colonization.

Mr. Crooker will give at an early date a review of Professor F. H. Peabody's "Jesus and the Social Problem," and from time to time his words will appear in our Study Table and other departments. Dr. Crooker's article

in UNITY last March received national atention. At the suggestion of Carl Schurz it was printed as a "Liberty Tract" and was reprinted in part or in whole by the Springfield *Republican* and scores of other papers. Both Mr. Crooker and Mr. Simmons share UNITY'S hatred of war and belief in the ultimate triumph of democracy. And now that the entanglements of election issues are past we can with more force continue in the advocacy of peace and work for that time when diplomacy and arbitration will supplant the sword and the cannon in the adjustment of national disputes and commercial interests.

After a season of silence Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane with returning health resumes her place as an active contributor to these columns.

With these announcements we wish our readers a Happy New Year, and ask their continued cooperation in the interest of a still more glorious century.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for while present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

SIDNEY LANIER.

Born at Macon, Ga., February 3, 1842. He received an insufficient college education, graduating, however, with first honors from Oglethorpe College, Midway, Ga. He served in the Confederate army as a volunteer and private from 1861 to 1865. His great passions were for music and poetry and with noble courage he chose to develop these his richest talents in a difficult life rather than to sacrifice them in uncongenial pursuits. He wrote, delivered lectures and played in the Peabody symphony concerts of Baltimore, all at a time when he was a constant sufferer from consumption. This illness caused his untimely death September 7, 1881.

Tampa Robins.

The robin laughed in the orange-tree:
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee:
While breasts are red and wings are bold
The green trees wave us globes of gold,
Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me
—Sunlight, song, and the orange-tree.

"Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,
My orange planets; crimson I
Will shine and shoot among the spheres
(Blithe meteor that no mortal fears),
And thrill the heavenly orange-tree
With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

"If that I hate wild Winter's spite—
The gibbet trees, the world in white,
The sky but gray wind over a grave—
Why should I ache, the season's slave?
I'll sing from the top of the orange-tree
Gramercy, Winter's tyranny.

I'll south with the sun and keep my clime;
My wing is king of the summer-time;
My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
And I'll call down through the green and gold
" 'Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me,
Bestir thee under the orange tree.' "

Songs of the Chattahoochee.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly from every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far down the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, "Abide, abide";
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said "Stay,"
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed "Abide, abide,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall."

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade; the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, "Pass not, so cold, these manifold
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall."

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone—
Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh! not the hills of Habersham,
And oh! not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of duty call—
Downward to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

Readings in Modern Mexican Authors.

IV.

JOSE POEN Y CONTRERAS.

"The student who returns to his town is generally reputed to be a man of learning who knows everything. The most perplexing questions are submitted to him though they may be remote from the studies which he has pursued. If the priest is preparing a Latin inscription, he consults about it with the student; if the townspeople desire to make a petition to the town government, the chief of the district or the governor of the state, they request the student to compose the document to be presented; if it is planned to celebrate with a festival the anniversaries of some prominent personage of the place, they invite first of all the newly-returned collegian, to pronounce a discourse and enthuse all with his words; if some person is seriously

ill, they call the student to examine the patient and hold his opinion decisive regarding the disease. That year he has studied civil procedure and international law in the Law School; but what of that? He has lived in Mexico, where there are so many physicians and must know and understand something of medicine. The judge of the lower court is about to decide a case; ah, well, before doing so he strolls around to the house of the collegian, and after asking him a thousand things about Mexico, regarding politics, theaters, the promenades and driveways, etc., inquires his opinion concerning the matter with which he is occupied.

"You can enlighten me," he says humbly. "Perhaps I have not sufficiently informed myself regarding the value and force of the evidence; I fear that I have badly interpreted such and such articles of the Code. Come, let us walk down to the courtroom and have the good will to show what is best.'

" 'But that will be useless, because I know nothing of this matter,' replies the collegian. 'This year I have been studying mathematics in the School of Mines.'

" 'So much the better: thus you will have a clear head for this kind of questions; because it is plain, had you been studying law you might now have difficulty in co-ordinating your ideas. No excuses, no excuses; come to my house, I have great confidence in your knowledge and sound judgment.'

Such is the part which the student fills, in his town, during vacations. If he yields to all the requests made of him and speaks of matters which he does not understand, words cannot be found sufficient for praising him. How wise! how humble and good he is! he refuses no one. If, on the contrary, the student is timid and only desires to speak of matters with which he is acquainted; if he refuses to decide a law-suit, to cure a sick man, to preach a sermon, then—who so ignorant as he, he knows nothing, he is good for nothing!

"Well, then, in my opinion the new literary generation has no importance; I discover no virtues in it, neither love for study, nor noble tendencies favoring the advancement of our literature. Who can endure this crowd of youth who write in the papers and who, in spite of their ignorance, give themselves the airs of learned men? With what eyes can we observe their affectations? They think they know all, because they have learned jokes in the low plays, history in the novels and librettos of the opera, and gallantries in the almanacs and reviews of fashion. They believe themselves men of letters and poets, because they have published some article in the ——— and have, in the —— given forth some verses in which they speak of their *disenchantments* and of their *ennui,* of their *doubts* and *hours of pain.* Although beardless youths, they are already miserable, very miserable, their complaints and laments for the disillusions they have suffered have no bounds.—They speak everywhere of politics and literature; in the interludes at the theater they render judgment on the play in an epigram, and if some praise it they criticise it, or they celebrate its beauties when all find it defective. And thus they are in other things; because they believe that, in following public opinion, even though well founded, they fall into vulgarity, and to be singular is what they most desire.

Moreover, these youth, neither by the literary education they receive, nor by the system of studies pursued today in the schools, nor by their tastes and inclinations, nor finally by the models which they set before themselves for imitation in their writings, will ever succeed in giving days of glory to our literature. Profoundly inflated by the praises of their friends, without direction or desire to receive it, their self-esteem nourished by the very persons who ought to reprove and correct it, tainted with modern skepticism, rebellious, in a word, to the authority of rules and of good models, what hopes do they offer? What class of works are to sally from their hands? They do not study nor accumulate new information; they are not mindful of the literary movement of the epoch; still less do they attempt to correct their defects by following the teaching and example of the masters in the art.—And if they do none of these things it is useless for them to write and publish verses, since the progress of a literature has never yet consisted in the abundance of authors and of works. Love for study and for work, close thought, good selection of subjects and care in expression—these are the things necessary.

Criticism, further, is completely lacking among us; criticism, so necessary for correcting and instructing, so useful for preventing our lapses to bad taste and for forming good taste. Who has thought of it? Who has ventured to exercise it, here where all desire praises and where it is customary to lavish them?—For my part, I hold, that if our literature has not progressed so much as it should, if there are ignorant, insolent writers, inflated with vanity and pride, it has been due not exactly to the lack of criticism but to the mutual flatteries which all have exchanged in the papers. Today, as a French writer says, one utters one compliment, to gain the right of demanding twenty. No one ventures to frankly express his opinion, since friendship, the hope of obtaining a favor, considerations of respect and other various circumstances, deprive the critic of his freedom; and although he ought to be severe, impartial and just, he becomes a benevolent dispenser of unmerited eulogies, an encourager of unpardonable defects and veritable literary heresies.

Criticism, to give efficacious results, should be severe always, above all here in Mexico where many believe themselves endowed with the talent of Gustavo Becquer, of Figaro, of Delgas or of Teofilo Gauthier. It should eulogize with much moderation, and that to the humble, modest and timid, because these need kindly words for their encouragement."

These suggestions and many others which it would be impertinence to present in this article were suggested to me by the precious little volume which, with the title *"Romances dramaticos,"* our inspired poet José Peon y Contreras has just published; and in order to render a tribute to justice and merit, rather than to praise one who is sufficiently praised by his very work, I am about to say something about it.

Fourteen pieces form the collection, and although short they are choicest gems in which are brilliantly displayed the most exquisite and delicate beauties. In my opinion the first is a certain originality in the form, under which the poet incloses a veritable drama, a terrible and sad catastrophe, a poem in which the great passions of the soul are stirred and the tender breathing of the purest affections are felt. The form, I say, but I do not mean precisely the meter—since it is understood what that must be—but the unfolding of the romance, the design of the composition, the manner employed by the author to present and develop his thought. In these lovely ballads (for such they appear) there are no details; the movement of the action, the rapid development of the plot, the violence and precision with which the figures appear upon the scene, demand few but energetic pencil strokes and do not permit digressions nor long and minute descriptions of places and persons; they are like those pretty miniatures whose merit consists in the exactness, the clearness, the grace, with which the scene or picture is reproduced in spite of the small space at the disposition of the artist. As little are there inopportune references to times preceding the drama which develops; nothing to distract the reader from the scenes

which the poet places in view: all is *actual,* if I may so express myself, and only the final catastrophe is presented in which a passion or a misfortune culminates, at the conclusion of a series of unhappy incidents. For the rest, it is easy to divine what elements Peon y Contreras employs in his dramatic romances; love with all its tendernesses, jealousies with their terrible ravages, virtue with its power and its struggles against temptation and vice, the energy of a manly heart, the storms resulting from defiled honor, from violated faith, from lost hope . . . all that which the soul feels in its hours of joy or despair. And what pictures he can paint with a single stroke; how he transports us to those distant times of Castilian honor, of solitary and retired castles, of somber and silent cities; what strength of coloring there is at times in the scenes he paints and at other times what enchanting ingenuity, what adorable simplicity, what innocence, what grace." FREDERICK STARR.

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THE PULPIT.

Nineteen Hundred—The Annual Review.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones Delivered in All Souls Church, Chicago, December 30, 1900.

Once more we stand at the end of another year which as the mathematicians count is also the end of a hundred years in our calendar. Again for the eighteenth time I give my Sunday morning hour to a retrospect which today may reach back for a moment's glance across the century.

First let us salute our dead, mention their names in gratitude, invoke the help of their spirit. Among those who have been called home during the year we find the following: The brave priest, he who though faithful to Rome was a prelate of the new church. He who succeeded in so living that dying he received the blessings of Rome and the benedictions of the Single Tax Associations of America, Father McGlynn; of James Martineau, the philosopher-prophet of England; Felix Morris, the spotless actor; John Ruskin, whose life of art made him an economic prophet; Richard Blackmore, the novelist; L. J. McCormick, the maker of reapers; William H. Beard, the painter of animals; Dr. J. H. Smart, the president of Purdue University; Charles Piazzi Smyth, the great British astronomer; Dr. Leslie Keeley, whose claim was justified by his achievement—if any man of our generation has wrought well for his kind, Leslie Keeley did, for he did make the drunken sober, the dissolute economic, and restored thousands of broken homes; Richard Hovey, dying at thirty-six, revealed to us the fact that we had a poet among us and we knew it not; Edward J. Phelps, honorable in American diplomacy; Thomas K. Beecher, who bore the honorable name honorably for seventy-six years; Lucinda H. Stone of Kalamazoo, the mother of women's clubs, eighty-six years young; Isaac M. Wise, the mentor of American rabbis; Joubert, the great Boer leader; Archibald Forbes, the eminent English journalist; St. George Mivart, the scientist, whose loyalty to the Catholic church tried hard to keep abreast with his loyalty to reason; Michael Munkacsy, the great Hungarian artist; Charles K. Whipple, ninety-one years of age, one of the earlier fathers of the abolition movement; John Clark Ridpath, the American historian; Henry Sidgewick, the great teacher of ethics of the Cambridge University, England; Judge John Olney, the oldest member of the Chicago bar, the last Illinois elector for President Lincoln; Charles Dudley Warner, the charming writer and the friend of the prisoner; Arthur Sullivan, the musician with a magic wand; John Sherman, the maker and director of presidents—the United States proved itself inadequate to its opportunities when it neglected to make a president of him. Among the names I would mention Max Mueller, the pioneer in comparative religious studies, the prophet of universal religion, the interpreter of bibles. Italy lost her gracious king, Prince Humbert, in the most ungracious of ways. Harvard University has lost the leadership of the wise dean of the Cambridge Divinity School, C. C. Everett; and Boston her quaint seer, Cyrus Bartol. Hail to them all, and the many more whose names might well be mentioned in this connection, and the countless ones whose names will go unrecorded on tablet or on paper, but who living ennobled their generation and dying have fertilized the soil out of which the new century will bloom more abundantly because of their lives.

In these annual reviews we come after a while to a strange sense of permanence even in the life terrestrial. A great amount of the diligence of the year is devoted to the task of perpetuating the life that seems to be so vanishing. The "art preservative" is the happy characterization which has been given to the printing craft. Every year we see not only the growing interest of men in man but the growing skill of man in perpetuating on earth the words and deeds of the worthy. We are too close to judge of the permanent value of the books of the year, but certainly the output of the printing press seems to me to show a growing solidity and an ever increasing interest in the past. There is less and less interest in that radicalism that is mere distraction, the criticism that ends in contempt. The philosophy of evolution is beginning to work in the moral interests and social sympathies of men so that the appeal to history begins to have increasing weight. Books of biography are now written not in the interest of reaction or by the conservative who thinks that all good men are dead men and that all the great things have been accomplished, but by those who believe that there are great issues still to be solved and who summon the heroes of the past to the help of those who are to fight the battle of the future.

[The further notice of the books of the year is omitted because Mr. Jones anticipated much of the matter in the pages of UNITY in the issues of December 6th and 13th.]

But to dwell longer on books would be to mar the perspective of the year, for, alas, the year will be known in history not for any great achievement in science or for any striking contribution to literature or to art, but to the painful fact that it has been a year of war, of commercial strain and industrial antagonism, political agitations and international intrigues. What can be said of the year wherein the two great Anglo-Saxon powers of the globe have hurled themselves with deliberate intensity against feeble and far-off foes whose chief crime has been a thirst for liberty, a desire for self government, a longing for democracy. The reports are not all in, the end is not yet. The horrible facts of the Philippine and Transvaal wars are not yet compiled. We may not forecast the near end, but on the long lines of history, at the end of another century the student of English and American history will have occasion to record a great crime against freedom, a horrible sacrifice of life, a wasteful destruction of property, a cruel torture of animals, a sad degeneracy of public ideals, an unexpected reaction toward mediæval ideals and inspirations. In the United States the presidential election would seem to give forth no uncertain sound. The majorities were decisive and apparently conclusive and final. But when, with an adequate perspective, the results are justly analyzed, may we hope that it will appear that the significant majorities were obtained in spite of the humiliation over the atrocities and debaucheries perpetrated in the Philippine archipelago under the American flag? And further, that the splendid courage and the surprising success of a little handful of Dutch herders in the

far off Transvaal in the face of the largest army ever marshaled under the British flag were such as might have been expected under the circumstances, for the African Dutchmen have been fighting for their homes and for their liberty, while the up to date battalions of Great Britain have been engaged in the belated tasks of invasion, conquest and commercial advancement.

When we turn our eyes away from the sickening sights of the battle field, the grim appropriations for war ships and field ordnance, as might be expected there is much to prove that ethical reversions do not come singly. The spiritual collapse in this closing year of the nineteenth century is a painful fact—witnessed to in many ways. Looking at this country alone, witness the horrible disregard for law represented by the continued lynching of untried and unconvicted men by the mobs that defy law and are allowed to go unrebuked, unpunished and, so far as possible, unnoticed by the judicial and executive forces that range from the president of the United States down to the town constable. Witness the humiliating fact that the Woman's Federation of Clubs, the very latest child of civilization, the boasted advance guard of culture, thirty-seven years after the Emancipation Proclamation, and thirty-two years after the passage of the Fourteenth Amendment, is thrown into a social convulsion, is threatened with a national fever, because a cultivated lady with some strains of African blood in her veins, asked a representative place in its counsels. The world has little concern for the "social safety" of these organizations and nothing to say concerning their silly anxiety on these lines, but the student of morals and religion cannot exonerate even so genteel and powerful an organization as the woman's club movement from this cowardice that will prolong the antagonisms of races, perpetuate the cruelty of caste, magnify the importance of the color of the skin above the importance of character, intellectual power and spiritual disinterestedness. They cannot claim immunity from public condemnation when they deliberately set themselves against that fraternity of interests among men and women which they profess to advance. They cannot make a "private affair" out of the world's business and they must not ask to be "let alone" while they outrage the prophetic hopes and democratic principles of the age which it is their duty to serve on highest lines.

But these sad reactionary waves are but disturbing eddies. I believe that the current of the nineteenth century is setting strong and hopefully forward toward better things. In Chicago the year began with the significant opening of the drainage canal which gives us immense strategic advantage in the battle with filth and disease. The closing days of the year witness a movement looking toward the moral renovation of our city. A few dives have been closed, a few scandals have been unearthed. Cupidity in the city hall, complicity with crime and criminals on the part of the city officials and police systems cannot long continue when once its existence is a matter of popular intelligence and appreciation. May this be the opening of another drainage canal as significant and as far reaching as that which changed the fetid waters of the Chicago river into a refreshing stream, making for cleanliness and fertility.

Over against the horrible war records of nineteen hundred let the Paris Exposition stand as one more harvest festival of civilization, the splendid triumph of peace, an international festival of love and beauty. Religion has been expressing itself more and more in terms of fraternity. The meetings of the Congress of Religion in Chicago, in Wisconsin and in Boston; the associate meeting of the New York Conference of Religion and the still nobler meeting represented by the Congress in the History of Religion, which gathered in Paris, all testify that the tide is setting in. The great ameliorating forces of the century just gone are not to be balked. The great names of the nineteenth century—Goethe, Wordsworth, Emerson, Browning, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Victor Hugo, Mazzini, Gladstone, Ruskin, Tennyson and Tolstoy, George Eliot, Harriet Martineau, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Susan B. Anthony, Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton, Dorothea Dix, are the names by which we are to measure the century. They are the forces hidden or revealed that have wrought most mightily in the year just gone. The nineteenth century is after all the century of democracy and not aristocracy. The wars of the nineteenth century are blurs in the picture except in so far as they have wrought for peace, for freedom and for progress. Speaking for this country alone, the century glory of the United States is not in its great material triumphs but in the moral investment of her people, the spiritual enlargement of her sympathies, the intellectual joys of her citizens. Too large a percentage of these millions created by the nation and the forces that work back and through the nation, have found their way into private purses, and the millionaires here and there exploit for public good a modicum of the money which is not theirs to give, at best but theirs to administer. And the noblest emphasis of the year, and the greatest bequest of the nineteenth century to the twentieth century, is this dawning consciousness that the power that made heaven and earth did not grant to any man or body of men a special title to the coal in the mountain or a monopoly of the oil and the gas in the crevices of the rock, the trees of the forest, the resources of stream and field, to be used by them to their own advancement and to the pauperizing of their fellow men.

The nineteenth century began with an emphasis on the INDIVIDUAL. It has taken a hundred years of agony and study to prove even in advanced America a man's right to his own body, a woman's right to her own soul, a child's right to the development of his mind as of his muscle. The nineteenth century ends with the emphasis on the COMMUNITY, the social unit, and it will take another hundred years to work out the corporate conscience, the corporate love, the corporate wealth. Private fortunes are well but they have wrought in the past for the tyranny of men and they may in the future. It is the common fortune that we must now seek. The twentieth century will be a struggle for common wealth.

Looking at it in this light, the greatest achievements of the nineteenth century are such as we are not prepared to understand, much less to appreciate. Perhaps the time is coming when we will see that our most potent book of the century was the humble Webster's "Spelling Book," which initiated us elder ones into the mysteries of English orthography. Up to 1847 twenty-four million copies of that book had been published and the sales have averaged a million a year almost up to the present time. The one thing of northern manufacture that the Southern confederacy could not get along without was the "Webster's Spelling Book." So in the rear of Lee's army a Southern edition of "Webster's Spelling Book" was issued for the benefit of the Confederate states, the president of which said this spelling book "is elected once every six years." In my library of nearly five thousand volumes, there is no American book of more potency than this volume.

The second great American book of the century is Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," one hundred thousand copies of which were sold within eight weeks after its first appearance in 1852, two hundred thousand within a year and three hundred and thirteen thousand in three years. Thirty-five different English editions are now on the shelves of the

British Museum. It has been translated into at least thirteen different languages, and still children read it with bated breath because it interprets the greatest struggle of the century and the noblest victory.

Horace Mann, Lloyd Garrison and Abraham Lincoln perhaps represent the thre noblest contributions of the United States to the twentieth century during the nineteenth century. Certainly they are types of the most unique contributions. Horace Mann represents the triumph of the public school. It may be that the crowning glory of the American republic is that it assumes that the normal condition of the citizen is intelligence and not ignorance, that a certain amount of knowledge is the birthright of every child born under the American flag. Horace Mann voluntarily exchanged congressional honors for the privileges of a school master. He denied himself the public career for which he was so well fitted in Washington, that he might elevate the public schools of Massachusetts and subsequently plant in the untilled soil of the West the seed of a higher education so broad that no line of color, sex or religious doctrine could debar the scholar therefrom. Horace Mann gave his life to the founding of the normal school system of America and the establishment of the co-educational, interracial and interconfessional college.

William Lloyd Garrison, the inspired printer, he whose conscience was more than a flaming sword, whose brain was a battering ram for liberty, is the second great contribution of our century to the progress of the twentieth. He is the central figure of that group that reaches from Prudence Crandall—the Connecticut school teacher, whose house was mobbed because she would take a colored child into her school—to Theodore Parker and John Brown.

Abraham Lincoln, the rarest blossom out of purely American soil! Draw a line from the head of George Washington to that of Lincoln and no head will intervene to break the line. His greatness is proven by his measureless contribution to liberty.

Let others count the miles of railroad built in the United States during the last century and after all credit is given to your railroad builders, the twentieth century student may look back and say that the noblest piece of engineering done by the United States during that century was the underground line by which a slave mother with her babe could travel from Virginia to Canada without breaking connections in the face of the Fugitive Slave Law. This represents the highest engineering. The Hoosic tunnel and the great steel bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis were cheaper and easier achievements.

In the spirit of Abraham Lincoln, the great American Commoner, let us give thanks for the century closed; and in the spirit of Jesus, the great Commoner of humanity, let us go forward into the century that awaits us.

To repel one's cross is to make it heavier.

A multitude of sparks gives but a poor light.

It is the lack of order which makes us slaves.

To know how to be ready is to know how to start.

Knowledge, love, power—there is the complete life.

Be what you wish others to become. Let yourself and not your words preach for you.

An error is the more dangerous in proportion to the degree of truth which it contains.

Look twice, if what you want is a just conception; look once, if what you want is a sense of beauty.

THE SOCIAL CRITIC.

The abolition of class rushes in the University and the abolition of sophomore societies in Yale has caused a discussion and a ferment which will not be easily quieted without decided action in other directions. The fact is that these class rushes and hazing in general are only symptoms. We have got to go deeper to find the real disease. Is the reason for coarse and brutal play to be found in boyhood? If so it is open to explanation why these same boys before reaching college have never been known to manifest the slightest tendency toward rowdyism. Is the difficulty in college traditions? That is, have our higher institutions a heredity of mediævalism in the way of lawlessness? There is probably considerable truth in this supposition; nevertheless it does not seem to quite explain the outbreaks against law and order. Is the difficulty partly in change of government that has gone on and away from paternalism? Some of our college professors openly announce and avow that they have no responsibility over the young men except to guide their studies. This sort of shirking is quite parallel to that of the young men themselves. There evidently is a great duty on the shoulders of college professors to see that character is built and their education ends in noble citizenship. Fraternalism must take the place of paternalism. Is the difficulty not owing to the lack of wiser ideals? We believe from close observation that our colleges are painfully in need of higher conceptions of manhood. Raise the standard not only of scholarship but of character. This cannot be left to Young Men's Christian Associations to perform; but must become the emphasis of the college itself.

* * *

The shipping subsidy bill we sincerely hope will never pass the American congress. In our judgment it is the worst bill ever formulated to receive the sanction of our government. Its principles are worse than those of the highest tariff. It is sucking the life blood out of the people, in all their every day industries, to fatten an industry that is already corpulent. President J. J. Hill, of the Great Northern, says that we can build ships as cheaply in this country as in any other country in the world. He himself is building for his road four of the largest steamers in the world, to be used in the Pacific trade. Like a true patriot, he says, they "do not ask for any subsidy from the United States." Just let Hanna keep his hands off, and they will be able to make money as fast as honesty and industry combined can do it in any country. By the way let the people keep their eyes on this man J. J. Hill. He is that latest, and grandest result, of the right sort of commercialism, that the people may have need of somewhere else. Commercialism is beginning to make broad, sincere, patriotic, altruistic citizens, in the place of the narrow, grasping, money-piling millionaires of the past century.

* * *

Hazing at West Point has got its airing at Congress. It is not hazing at West Point that we care so much about. It is the detestable, mean, unmanly, selfish abuse of the weaker boy by the stronger, that is common all through our American colleges, and that should be got rid of; even if we have to tear the colleges down. The English language holds no words too strong to express our contempt for the vulgar sentiment, that it is manly to find pleasure in the discomfort, suffering and shame of others. Just as we might have expected, this hazing is found to be accompanied with vulgarities that cannot be named in a newspaper. We are glad to see that some of the colleges are beginning to wake up to the necessity of saving the better ideal of American manhood.

We are glad to find the report that the Religious Congresses in Paris, held in connection with the Exposition, have been a great success. Think of one hundred and twenty-seven international congresses, in one summer, covering every field of thought—and we may add some fields without thought. One curious feature of the Peace Congress was a resolution sharply criticising Christian Missions in China. We suspect that the difficulty is not so greatly with Christian missions, as with the fact that some of the missionaries are very poor culls. At home these men would not show average good sense in our pulpits; abroad they are not likely to be over gifted with common sense.

* * *

It will be a serious blunder if any one, who can do it, does not read the prize article in the November *Cosmopolitan* on "What Communities Lose by the Competitive System." This paper is exceedingly suggestive, although not thorough. It will be of great value to every thinker and to every one who is desirous of working along the line of highest social evolution.

* * *

The great trouble is, our churches build their spires up toward the sky, make themselves conspicuous as standing for religion, but refuse to readjust themselves to the times. They insist on old ways, old creeds, old notions, until they die of dry rot. The world moves onward, and God is the life of the world. It will not do for a church to be left behind by God and the world. Most of our creeds belong to the ages of the dinosaurs or of the jelly fishes.

* * *

It is reported that in one of the western towns a movement is on foot to unite all the churches. This is the real and logical end of all progress in the way of liberalism and humanity; a church organization wherever it is needed, and no church organization where it is not needed—just as we build our school houses, not on adjacent lots, but only where required for educational ends. The New England colonists had town churches and town schools. These broke up into district schools and sectarian churches. We are moving steadily back to the reconstruction of town schools; and we shall surely go back to town churches—that is, to churches of the people. The town is the natural social unit.

* * *

The passing of the prayer meeting is commented upon by our church pastors with moderation and good sense. It is attributed not to a decay of religious sentiment but to a comparative growth of religious life. More work is done with God, less asking of God to forgive neglect of duty is a consequence. Socrates called prayer "A method of transacting business with the gods." It is a good sign of the times that there is increased stability to comprehend that religion is not identical with temporary manifestations of religion. Twenty-five years ago it would have been held to be a sign of atheism, infidelity and positive wickedness to express a doubt of the usefulness of all sorts of prayer meetings.

* * *

Reforms go on slowly, but they go on surely. Pioneers get tired and sore and do not always live to see the hooting crowd catch up, with cheers. But some of us have lived to see a great transformation in religious fellowship. Tolerance was all we expected; brotherhood has, however, come about. The bushes are full of little fellows chirping and singing religious freedom. It is delightful to hear the songs; but without some with stronger purpose and moral foresight to open the doors, our pretty starlings would all be in the cage yet.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

Here we have a treasure indeed—a complete set of Thomas Wentworth Higginson's works. What of the noble and cultured has Higginson not been identified with? I have naturally opened Contemporaries first of all; because here are delightful pictures of men whom I knew, as well as some whom I did not know. Emerson heads the list; but there is little said of him that is new. The notes on Phillips are full of interest. It is related that an Englishman pointing out Wendell Phillips and Quincy walking down Park street, said to George Ticknor, the publisher, "Who are those two men? They are the only two men I have seen in your country who look like gentlemen." Phillips looked like an aristocrat it is true; but he had the soul of a democrat. Higginson says that Phillips once expressed a wish that he might have been United States senator from Massachusetts. But he never sold himself, or anybody else, to secure that honor or any other. May America begin to breed such a race, in the place of our nasty little politicians, who trade not only themselves but their country for office and money. I suppose that the volume entitled Studies in Romance will draw the most readers; or possibly Cheerful Yesterdays. But for my part I sit down to an immediate reading of Women and the Alphabet—not a very excellent title to cover a book packed full of wit, manhood, and the spirit of a king. One thing you will note, never can you open a page of Higginson without finding Higginson himself. This is not egotism; but the presence of a strong individuality, ever ready to stand in front of the weak, and wronged, and do their battle for them. I cannot help feeling that in reviewing the books of Mr. Higginson, I am reviewing the author himself. In American history, after woman has secured her citizen rights, Higginson will be remembered chiefly as the leading champion in that great reform. From Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* * *

A little handbook comes to the table, entitled A History of American Literature. This is a very compact volume, intended for use in the class room, but it will serve admirably for a reference book in any library. I find the accounts of Charles Brockton Brown, Cooper, Irving, Poe, most admirable. There is also an appendix giving us extracts from Colonial and Revolutionary history. Other reference notes of great value are found appended to the volume.

* * *

I suppose there is no passage in the history of the nineteenth century more thrilling than the invasion of Russia by Napoleon. On it turned not only the history of this century, but the great battle of the coming century turns on the same event. Had Napoleon succeeded in beating back Russia, or dismembering the huge conglomerate, the autocratic element of civilization could easily have been eliminated. As it is, the Anglo-Saxon world has now before it to demonstrate that democracy is nobler and better than centralized despotism. One third of Europe and one half of Asia believes in the Czar; and as thoroughly believes that democracy is a disease and popular education a mischief. The story of Napoleon's invasion has been told over and over again; but never from the standpoint of the unprejudiced historical critic, until the work of Hereford B. George, Fellow of Oxford University. His magnificent work, Napoleon's Invasion of Russia, with Maps and Plans, is republished in this country by the New Amsterdam Book Company, Fifth avenue New York. Mr. George concludes that Napoleon was beaten by time and space,

and not by winter. With this work comes another, on Napoleon at St. Helena, by Lord Roseberry, published by Harper Bros. The author concludes that "Authoritative democracy, or in other words democratic dictatorship, the idea which produced the second empire in France, and which, in various forms, has found favor elsewhere, is the political legacy, perhaps a final message of Napoleon." No better definition of Napoleon has been written. He was the democratic autocrat. Is it impossible to detect a good deal of this autocratic democracy in American history? Will it ever be able to secure control of the Republic?

* * *

An unusually valuable campaign book was issued recently, which should not be allowed to go out of sight because the campaign has closed. I refer to a very compact, paper bound book entitled Momentous Issues; compiled by George H. Shibley, of the Bureau of Economic Research, New York City. I do not agree with all that he says, but I think the book will be of radical value to any reader of UNITY. Address Schulte Publishing Co., 125 Dearborn St., Chicago.

* * *

It is with decided pleasure that we find our friend, Hon. Samuel J. Barrows, selected to fill the vacancy of corresponding secretary in the Prison Association of New York. E. P. P.

The Secret of the Crater.*

This book is not announced as a "juvenile," but we think it might strike the imagination of a boy just after he had finished his Robinson Crusoe, and a good while before he was ready for Dickens and Thackeray.

The first scene of the story shows how far out in Fancyland we must pitch our tent in order to feel at home with the author's characters. A young American naval officer, Richard Vance, finds that through his knowledge of Hebrew (and *Punic!*) he can converse with the ruling class on a South Pacific island hitherto unknown to us, its chiefs being the descendants of a Carthaginian colony established there some two thousand years ago.

Going on shore with his company, he is so instantly and violently smitten with love for the miraculously beautiful daughter of the ruler of the island, that he pretends to sprain his ankle and thus succeeds in being left on shore for a day. The young lady immediately visits him in his sick chamber and then and there accepts his affection with a rapidity to which chain lightning hardly offers an adequate simile. Vance contrives to have his ship depart without him and thereupon pursues his aim of winning the princess from a hostile court with no other visible means than a naval sword and a pair of American revolvers (Smith & Wesson, 38-calibre, we suppose), which revolvers afterwards play the most remarkable part in the story, as through all changes of costume, or want of costume, they remain inseparably attached to his person, he possessing apparently the unusual advantage of being able to evolve ammunition *ad libitum* from his inner consciousness.

After a series of adventures which would exhaust the "bar'l" of an ordinary romancer, Richard discovers the nefarious secret by which the wicked native priests of the country have been terrorizing their compatriots, ruling and ruled. They have found out how to "work" the neighboring volcano! causing it at will to rage, spit fire and pour out its devastating contents over the country and then, when their purpose was accomplished, how to divert its contents innocuously under the circumjacent and convenient ocean. We are not told precisely by what explosive this desirable result is reached; it might be dynamite, nitroglycerine or the X ray; but it is evidently simple enough when you know the trick. You just turn this lever to the right and the other to the left (in an awe-inspiring cave, however), and this action generates some unpleasant gases from which you naturally fly, and presto! the mountain, whilom so boisterous and scattering death and destruction abroad, becomes in a few moments as peaceful as a sucking dove or a stage moonbeam.

But, before the unheard-of villainy of the priests is counteracted, what seas of gore! The hero kills ten separate men within as many minutes, and the extent and variety of their death-agonies are very pleasingly described; but this is only a beginning. In a later scene, scores fall before the individual prowess of Vance aided by the convenient Smith & Wessons; he has only to call out ten more and kill them, like the famous Boabdil, till, his enemies all massacred (together with a large part of the population of the island), we at last behold Vance (if our memory serves us, though we confess that we have become a little mixed), standing on a hecatomb of corpses as a wedding platform, and about to settle down to the agreeable prospect of enjoying domestic bliss and succeeding to the throne when his rather wooden father-in-law shall have been gathered to his fathers.

All this is told in a sprightly and matter-of-course style, and on the whole we can cheerfully recommend a perusal of this book to any boy who has absolutely nothing else to do. C. S. K.

* "The Secret of the Crater," by Duffield Osborne. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. Paper 50 cents. Cloth $1.00.

The Settlement After the War in South Africa.*

So many books have recently been written concerning South Africa that the public will undoubtedly welcome a volume which anticipates the termination of the Anglo-Boer conflict; although with the revival of Boer activity the publication of the volume before us may be somewhat premature. The work is not by any means exclusively confined to the problems incidental to the conclusion of hostilities. Of the 260 pages of the text 233 are taken up with the discussion of the causes to which the conflict is due; although according to the author "it presented the only way of showing the crucial determinant of the immediate course of settlement necessitated by the war." Dr. Farrelly in his introduction does not fail to impress upon the reader the unusual opportunities which he has had for investigation. Having gone to the Cape four years ago and subsequently being retained by the South African Republic as its advisory counsel for foreign relations, he came in contact with all the leading men, Boer, British and Afrikander. It is therefore that he believes his personal experience in the events which just preceded the outbreak of strife ought to be valuable.

In the first instance the author urges the necessity of finality in the settlement, whatever it may be; then outlines the past relations between the British and Dutch; defines the British rights; describes the Boer character and attributes the origin of the trouble chiefly to imperial vacillation in South Africa during the past century, as evidenced by the recognition of the independence of the Orange Free State in 1854 and the withdrawal from the Transvaal in 1881. Boer distrust and contempt for the British, due to want of knowledge and different ideals, have contributed not a little to present difficulties. The policy of President Kruger—"a most striking historical character who will stand out for centuries to come"—and the young Afrikander propaganda have both steadily aimed at

* "The Settlement After the War in South Africa," by M. J. Farrelly, LL. D., Barrister at Law, Advocate of the Supreme Court of Cape Colony. The Macmilan Company, New York and London, 1900.

the ultimate triumph of the Dutch, whose watchwords for the past twenty years have been "Kill the English language" and "Drive the English into the sea." The recent colonial expansion of Germany in South Africa and the extension of the British authority over Rhodesia, with the consequent hemming in of the Boer republics, cut off the possibility of solving the dispute by another "trek." The Reform movement in Johannesburg and the Jameson raid were unfortunate in the fact that they gave the Boers the long desired justification for their acts. They could, therefore, with apparent justice vindicate their policy of armament and self defense.

Beginning with events in 1896 the book assumes the character of a personal narrative. It is rather anomalous that while retained by the South African Republic as its legal adviser Dr. Farrelly—who is Irish by birth—was strongly in favor of the British policy. His constant admonition to the Boers was to avoid war. Although his position was undoubtedly, from the point of might, correct, it may be doubted whether, considering that his advice seems for the most part to have been rejected, he should now offer to criticise the aims and intentions of the republics. His attitude seems to be that if his plan had been followed war might have been avoided; in support of which he quotes many of his own written opinions to the authorities of the Transvaal and also acknowledges that as a last resort he issued direct appeals to the members of the Volksraad and to the burghers.

The High Commissioner, Sir Alfred Milner, is strongly commended for his policy, as he "deserves credit for being the first to see and to proclaim the great imperial issues involved in the dispute with the Transvaal both as to the imperial control of its foreign relations and to its treatment of the Utlanders." Dr. Farrelly does not place any reliance upon the suzerainty claim of the British government, as he points out that "every lawyer of eminence, who has published an opinion on the subject, agrees that the suzerainty and the preamble of the 1881 convention were abolished on the conclusion of the convention of 1884." He does not think that the war was in any manner due to the discussion of legal technicalities but rather to the inherently persisting animosity between two races. The Boers never believed that England would fight and hence bluff after bluff was played until the die was irrevocably cast. The Transvaal government would even then have liked to withdraw "but the veldt Boer with his contempt for the despised red coats" was obdurate. British diplomacy was not at fault, for the Boer terms in the final negotiations were preposterous. The imperial government at last determined that if the empire were longer to exist it must destroy the menace to peace in South Africa.

Of the settlement after the war, Dr. Farrelly says: "The immediate and necessary conclusion is that no separate existence outside of the empire can be left to the Boer states. Like causes would produce like effects in the future as in the past; annexation of the territories must be absolute. Intercourse, commerce, intermarriage, education, but above all, time, must be waited for, until the growth of a local South African patriotism common to all, of British or Dutch descent, and as loyal to the empire as Australian or Canadian national feeling, has dispelled in its light the dark issue of the sixteenth century tribal exclusiveness which has wrought such evil in our day." "Therefore must there be absolute and permanent annexation of these territories to the empire and obliteration of artificial barriers between races and territories, marked out by the deeds of the past and the physical facts of the present, to be one." He believes that the adoption of Crown Colony methods in the late Boer republics will be necessary; while he would have affairs of South Africa broadly administered like those of East India. A governor general with other auxiliary officers should be appointed. Heretofore "in South Africa there has been no co-ordination in the organization of its vast territories. Everything has been left to hazard, to the accidental creation of the moment, to a temporary expedient to tide over a sudden difficulty." A firm hold should be taken of these regions by the imperial authorities while at the same time representative institutions should be preserved as far as possible. In the past the "fatal omission has been to provide a means and method of co-ordination. Imperial South Africa has been condemned to ataxia." A complete reorganization is now essential.

The work is evidently written from a strongly British imperial standpoint. While reasonably fair in its statement of facts, it is a lawyer's brief in favor of a cause, with which the author personally sympathizes and which in all justice, whatever may be said of his conclusions, it must be admitted he has strongly presented.

In style the book would be more pleasing were the tone adopted in the earlier chapters continued to the end. Toward the close the personal equation—while in a measure necessary—seems to become too pronounced. The propriety of introducing newspaper articles and interviews into the text may be questioned. The appendices on "The War and Its Issues from Various Standpoints" are valuable for reference; but the lack of an index is a very vital omission.

HENRY C. MORRIS.

Chicago, Dec. 24, 1900.

Chance and Chance.

He did his duty day by day,
He wronged no one, but toiled away,
With love for all mankind.
He saved a little now and then,
He worshiped God and trusted men,
And sighed not nor repined.

He struck it rich by chance one day,
And threw the tools he'd used away,
And friends flocked round him then!
But one thing that he had before—
That gave him joy—is his no more:
He's lost his faith in men.

He looks upon all men today
As wolves who'd steal his wealth away,
Who'd cheat him if they could!
What say you? Are his heaps of gold
Worth what he gave—the faith of old,
In human brotherhood?

—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Good Ancestry.

A Quaker woman of rare judgment, whose estimates of the values of the externals of life were as well balanced as the dovelike hues in her gown and bonnet, once said, in speaking of pride of birth: "It is pleasant to know that thee has come of good ancestry, but, after all, if thee does not live up to the notch thyself, it will do thee very little good." Words of truth and soberness were these, and in no way opposed to this aphorism is the theory that many an American boy or girl will, in a certain sense, live up to their ancestry, if the fact is clearly and unostentatiously set before them that much is expected of them because they have come from an honorable line, from men who served their country as soldiers, statesmen, scientists, litterateurs, and, above all, as good citizens, or from women who have been patriotic, public spirited, and self-sacrificing.—*A. H. Wharton.*

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"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

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She played about her cottage door,
Unconscious of a care;
Her mind had wealth of fairy love,
And joy was everywhere.
Oh! winsome was the day and night,
And all the stars above;
She walked with Nature in delight
And lived in golden love!

She built a home of priceless worth
When womanhood was won,
And shed abroad her cheer of mirth
With freedom of the sun.
She sorrow soothed, abated strife,
For gentle she as dove;
She blessing brought to daily life,
Because she lived in love!

Fairhaven, Mass. WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Foreign Notes.

THE PROTESTANT MOVEMENT IN AUSTRIA.—Vehse's Memoirs of the Court of Austria are not exactly the volumes one would expect to find on the desk of any one chiefly intent on keeping up with current literature; nevertheless the chapters on the reigns of Ferdinand II, Ferdinand III and Leopold I, the early Jesuit rulers of the House of Hapsburg, form a very effective background for the study of that quite up-to-date topic, the modern "*Los von Rome*" movement in Austria.

A recent contributor to the columns of *Le Pretre Converti* (a Parisian monthly journal edited by converted priests), points out three currents in this Austrian movement which, while distinct, are yet connected like the branches of a river. "There is first," he says, "the truly evangelical and distinctly religious movement. The Bohemian villagers and the mountaineers of the Alps say: 'We are the sons of the martyrs. We know that the Gospel was snatched from our fathers in the midst of the dragonades and the horrors of the Thirty Years' War. Today we have freedom of worship and we take back with joy the holy book of our fathers.'" In connection with this phase of the movement thirty-two new parishes are reported, many of which are building churches, while the people are buying large illustrated copies of the New Testament.

Then there are the Old-Catholics of the Doellinger school. In 1899 the Old-Catholics of Vienna were joined by twenty-three priests, come-outers from the Church of Rome.

Besides these two currents there is a third liberal party represented by the deputies Wolff, Schoenerer and Iro, whose chief demands are: Services in the national language, free preaching of the Gospel, and the marriage of priests. This party has a number of organs.

While these three currents all tend to lessen the power of Rome in Catholic Austria, there is still little recognition of a common aim, and a lack of co-operation due largely to differences of race and language. The *Chretien Francais* of December 8 devotes considerable space to the *Los von Rome* movement among the Czeks. It is among them that the movement for a national church is particularly strong. Never willing converts to Romanism, the anti-Roman spirit has given repeated evidence through the centuries that it was only dormant, not extinct, in spite of persecutions. Some time ago it was announced that 450 Czeks had determined to leave the Roman church for the orthodox Greek one. The orthodox priest at Vienna received orders from his superiors not to admit them to his church. On the other hand, a new Hussite movement in Bohemia has attracted general attention, thirty villages announcing themselves ready at once to arrange for lectures on Huss, which were given by members of the radical party.

The anniversary of the martyrdom of Huss was celebrated, particularly in Prague, by commemorative exercises at which Hussite hymns were sung and inflammatory discourses were pronounced, and even by illuminations and torchlight parades. The excitement produced among the Roman Catholics by these demonstrations showed itself for one thing in a demand that the school directors be called to account for having taken advantage of their privilege of giving three holidays of their own selection during the school year, to make July 6 one of those days. By this means the school children were able to take part in the commemorative festivities.

More and more this comparatively recent movement is shaping itself definitely around the idea of a national Czek church free from all dependence on Rome. The great champion of this idea is the doctor of theology and ex-Catholic priest, Isca. He was converted to Old-Catholicism in 1895, but there were difficulties about his reception into that communion in Vienna. Nevertheless he was married there in the Old-Catholic church and began to study law in the University of Vienna. He subsequently removed to Switzerland, where he received the degree of doctor of theology from the Old Catholic faculty of Berne. He was received into the Old-Catholic clergy of Switzerland by Bishop Herzog. In 1897 he took part in the Old-Catholic International Congress held in Vienna and defended the right of the Czeks to a national church based on Old-Catholic principles. The following year he settled in Austria and started at Prague a Gazette of the National Czek Church. He held meetings in Bohemia and Moravia and when he had gathered a considerable number of adherents in Prague and Neupaka he again asked for admission to the Old-Catholic church. This was again refused him, the synod deciding in 1898 to maintain the German character of their church by receiving only priests of German extraction.

Nevertheless Dr. Isca maintained his right to conduct public services according to the Old-Catholic rite. The first time that he conducted such a service in Prague a thousand persons were present and 300 partook of the communion in both kinds. His success here and elsewhere was not lost upon the Roman Catholics, who tried through their journals to counteract his influence by representing Old-Catholicism to the Czeks as an exclusively German movement and Isca himself as an agent of Prussia. To the governor of the prorvince he was denounced as holding religious services without authorization and as being in communication with Russia for the purpose of establishing a Czeko-Slav church. The first time he attempted to hold services in Vienna he was arrested by the police.

Nobody supposed that this proceeding would put an end to the reform movement, and in fact its very noticeable effect has been to make the German Old-Catholics seriously consider whether they are justified in holding aloof as they have done from the Czek movement, and whether it would not be more just to receive Dr. Isca as a member of their body so that he might organize Czek churches to which governmental recognition could not be refused. In support of this view it is pointed out that precisely because of the national character of the Czek movement, co-operation with it would remove one of the present pretexts for opposition to the "*Los von Rome*" agitation, namely, that it is an exclusively national-German movement and hence treasonable to Austria. This matter was favorably considered at a meeting of the Old-Catholic Synod of Vienna in September last, strong voices being heard in support of co-operation and none in opposition. It was felt that aside from the political considerations involved, the attitude of indifference to the efforts of the Czeks was entirely contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, and an aid to the enemies of pure Christianity. M. E. H.

Chicago.—At All Souls Church a Century Watch Meeting was held under the auspices of the Tolstoy section of the study classes. Over one hundred and fifty people were present. The program began about nine o'clock. There was a minimum of formality, the University of Chicago contributing largely to the program. Mr. Cocke, of the History Department, gave a lecture of the political Europe one hundred years ago. Prof. Moulton, of the Department of Astronomy, sketched some of the achievements of science in that direction. Dr. Schroeder presented the advancements in medicine. Prof. Triggs discussed the century of American literature. Mrs. White, of the Emerson School of Oratory, spoke on the women of the century, and Mr. Jones had something to say of the forecast of the twentieth century. There was an intermission for coffee, doughnuts and apples, vocal and instrumental music, all leading up to the prayer and the hymn and the New Year's greetings that followed.

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The Executive Committee of this Conference appointed a sub-committee to consider the *Possibilities of Common Worship.* This sub-committee, consisting of Rev R. Heber Newton, D.D., Rev. Gustav Gottheil, D.D., and Rev. T. R. Slicer, D.D., after various reports and suggestions from many sources, has determined upon the publication of the work herein described.

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is the outgrowth of a belief, on the part of the State Conference, in the possibilities of *common worship.* It is published with the hope not only that it may be found useful in the sessions of the Conference, but also that other State Conferences and similar gatherings may make use of it; that independent religious societies may perhaps find it helpful in the development of their worship; and that it may prove a spiritual aid and comfort to many individuals in their own private use. The selections from the Jewish and Christian Scriptures have been made from either the King James or the Revised Version, as has seemed best in each case; the responsive readings from the Old Testament being taken from selections used in the Synagogue worship.

The readings from the ethnic scriptures have, in the majority of cases, been taken from the edition of the Sacred Books of the East issued under the general editorship of Prof. Max Muller.

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